

lucky ones

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eddie Kaspbrak - Freeform, Eddie loves Richie So Much, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Established Relationship, I REWROTE THIS, Kisses, M/M, Richie Tozier - Freeform, and now i'm posting it again, another fic where Richie runs to Eddie's at night? crazy, bc - Freeform, i love them, if u squint, it's reddie, maybe u dont have to squint, obviously, the title is boring, walkie-talkies, well the kiss so idk

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Summary:

Richie settles in, and the feeling of home is almost overwhelming. He doesn't give a shit where they go when they do. It's always going to feel like this, safe like this. He's sure of it.

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Author's Note:

Hi! This is a fic of mine I wrote in October and I'm rather proud of it, now that I've rewritten it of course. It's canon in my head that Richie climbs through Eddie's window. Also that they have walkie-talkies. Come talk to me! I'm on twitter @jupiterichie

Richie Tozier is sitting on his window sill, his legs dangling out like heavy branches, a cigarette half smoked, but still blazing in his right hand. He had gotten home from the Aladdin about an hour ago, him and Beverly having caught a movie together around four. They had taken detours on their way home. Beverly would say they stalled because she likes hanging out with him, Richie knows that it's because Bev doesn't want him to go home, rather, she knows Richie doesn't want to go home. It's not like, *a thing*, at least Richie pretends it's not. Sure, his parents are forgetful, neglectful even, at times, but it could be worse. His father could hit him, or his mother could be dead. It's whatever, Richie likes being alone anyways. He would just rather be out with people he actually likes.

He spends a lot of time here, outside his window. Summer was drawing to a close, so the heat wasn't bad. The wind always rustled through the trees around six, so Richie was just in time. He likes it more, though, because it wasn't quiet. His house always seemed still, like all life, all warmth, all *noise*, was just sucked out of the world when you walked in. Outside, though the sound was softer than say, an arcade, had noise. He sniffs, wipes his nose and stubs out his cigarette. He's sure if he had another mother, she would bitch about the burn marks littered across the once white, now chipped paint that rimmed his window. He worries when that seems like a better alternative to the present.

As soon as he shuts his window the quiet seems to consume him whole, shoving him into an invisible, Richie shaped box. He thinks

about lying down, thinks about waking up in the morning, thinks of the blank stares, and the quiet, quiet, *quiet*. He doesn't feel well, his room uncomfortably warm and tight, his head pounding. No, he doesn't feel well, not at all. He reaches under his pillow, digging for the walkie-talkie he had gotten from Bill when he was fourteen. His parents wouldn't let him have a cell phone, though he wasn't sure why. His fingers fumble for a moment, and it's then that he realizes that his hands are shaking. *Jesus*, he thinks to himself, *quit acting like a fucking basket case*.

He presses the little red button and hears the static run out, a loud, incessant ringing beginning in his ears. "Aye, Eds, you up?" He asks. It can't be more than 30 seconds before he hears the soft, snarky voice reply back.

"*Am I up,*" The voice mocks, "It's like, 7 pm, dumbass. Yes, I am up." The words are harsh, but Eddie says them with a smile on his face, and warmth in his voice, and it calms Richie down, clears his head.

"Can I come over?" Richie asks, the hum the walkie-talkie lets out almost deafening. There's a long pause now, and Richie fills with anxiety. He doesn't want to be here, doesn't want to be alone, doesn't want to-

"You come over almost every night, Rich," Eddie says, his voice of feigned annoyance completely erased, a tone of concern now taking over. "Everything okay? You sound weird." Richie laughs shakily, running a hand over his face. Eddie *would* notice, Eddie notices everything. He thinks about doing one of his Voices, or maybe making a joke about Eddie's mother, but he knows it wouldn't work, Eddie would see right through it. He suddenly feels very drained.

"I, ah," He says, "I definitely could be better, Eds." He says, tugging at one of his curls, before plopping down on the bed, his legs tired.

"Rich-,"

“Can I come over?” He asks again, not liking the worry laced in Eddie’s tone, wishing Eddie would take the damn bait Richie has put out for him by calling him that stupid nickname. Wishing he would take it so the normality would return.

“Yea,” Eddie says, “Yea, um, my windows open.” Richie nods, even though Eddie can’t see him, and throws the walkie-talkie on his bed, rolling his eyes at himself for hiding it in the first place. What? Like his mom would decide to check in his room one day, and be suddenly outraged that her son had a walkie-talkie? It’s laughable, that’s for sure.

He doesn’t bother with being quiet when he leaves, his mom passed out on the couch, and his dad staring blankly at the football game playing on the television. Richie shudders. He grabs his bike, hopping on and riding the short distance to Eddie’s house. It’s only then, that the ringing in his ears stops.

Richie grabs the ladder that Mrs. K leaves on the side of her house, and he drags it over, right under Eddie’s window. He climbs up, knocking softly on the glass pane, and peers in. Eddie jumps up from where he had been sitting on the bed, waiting. Eddie opens it, and his worrying eyes focus on Richie.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, eyes shifting. Richie laughs, though it doesn’t hold much light.

“Can I come in first, you spaz?” He asks, and it only seems to hit Eddie then that he hasn’t even made it inside yet. Eddie nods, offering his hand to pull Richie up. When he gets inside, Eddie turns around to shut the window quietly, careful not to make too much noise. Stepping into this house was stepping into a polar opposite, a parallel universe if you will. Eddie’s room was quiet, but he could hear the TV downstairs, and he could hear Eddie’s breathing, something that had never felt as calming before. Richie doesn’t get a chance to sit down on Eddie’s warm bed, because the shorter boy has turned back around, tugging Richie into his arms. Richie sighs and

digs his nose into Eddie's shoulder. Eddie wraps his arms around him tightly. They stay like that for what could be years, and what could be milliseconds. He finds time moves differently when he's with the smaller boy. Eddie's hand moves from its place wrapped around his shoulder to tangle in Richie's curly hair.

"You okay?" Eddie asks, his voice muffled by Richie's t-shirt. Richie nods and clears his throat.

"Yea," Richie says, "Sorry about, uh, bombarding you with this shit-"

"Shut up," Eddie says firmly, and for once, Richie does. "I love you, okay?" Eddie asks though it's more of a statement. Eddie pulls away, just enough to place his hands on Richie's shoulders and look at him in the eyes. "And this? It's not shit, Rich. You've got shitty parents and they're bound to get to you." Richie rolls his eyes at that but knows better than to open his mouth.

"You gonna tell me what happened?" Eddie asks, and Richie moves his gaze to the wall behind Eddie because he knows that if he looks into Eddie's eyes, he'll cave. He doesn't want to cave. Doesn't want Eddie to hear how stupid this whole thing was. How stupid he was. Eddie sighs, and slides his hand up Richie's shoulder, gently stroking his cheek. "You look exhausted." He says. It's a shitty way to change the subject, but Richie is grateful for it all the same. He nods.

"Didn't sleep well last night, never really do, anymore. Not without you." Richie says because if he came all the way here, he might as well get the most of it. Some of the uneasiness slips from Eddie's eyes, leaving the familiar warmth in them. Eddie blushes lightly, and Richie really isn't sure how he's *not* a big puddle on the floor by now.

"Yea, I didn't either." Eddie smiles, leaning in to kiss Richie's cheek softly.

Richie slips his Vans off, falling into Eddie's bed while Eddie brushes

his teeth. He loves it here, loves how safe he feels. Eddie's smell fills his nose, and he breathes it in. Eddie has always smelled good, Fahrenheit cologne, and something almost chemical, but it was comforting. "What are you doing?" Eddie says, facing Richie, who is face down on his bed.

"Smelling your sheets," Richie says.

"Weirdo."

"Not my fault you smell so good, Eds," Richie says, smiling before turning over onto his side, watching Eddie slip into the bed next to him. Once Eddie gets situated, and turns to pull the comforter over them both, he faces Richie.

"Don't call me Eds." He says, taking Richie's hand to play with his fingers, a habit that he has picked up over the years. Richie scoffs.

"I've called you that, like, six times tonight."

"Three, actually, and I only let you get away with it cause m'awesome." Eddie says gently, still stroking Richie's hand with his own. An overwhelming tiredness takes over Richie, and Eddie notices right away. He leans over to turn off the bedside lamp on the end table near him. He pulls Richie into his chest, kissing his forehead. Richie's eyes stay open. They lay in silence for a minute, Richie gently tracing Eddie's back, Eddie's head tucked into his shoulder.

"Oh is *that* it?" Richie jokes, smiling down at him. Eddie gives him a soft smile but doesn't reply. Richie knows what he's supposed to do

now. Eddie won't let him sleep until he talks about what's going on. (He would, truthfully, let Richie sleep, but his worrying would keep Richie up all night.) "I hate it here." Richie says finally because he knows he has to. The words were pushing themselves out of his throat. He figured they would, he never can keep his mouth shut. Eddie nods.

"I know," Eddie replies, and Richie knows he knows. Eddie knows everything when it comes to Richie. Richie feels his throat tighten.

"I got home and, they-they didn't even look at me, Eds," Richie says, and the dreaded quiet, the ringing in his ears, the blank stares all rush back. Eddie moves from his place tucked into his shoulder to cup Richie's face, trace his jaw. "They never fucking look at me."

"I look at you," Eddie says, and when he speaks, calm rushes over Richie was warm water. "I see you, Richie." He says it because he knows Richie needs to hear it. "Stan sees you, and Bill and Mike. You already know Ben and Bev see you. I swear they act like your parents." Eddie jokes, but Richie hates how true it is. "You matter to them, and to me," Eddie says softly. "You have to know how much you matter to me." Richie stares at him, sees the sincerity in his tone, feels it in his chest. Richie nods. He leans down, because even at 16, Eddie is still small, and presses a soft kiss against his lips. Feels his chapped lips press against Eddie's soft, moisturized ones. Richie pulls away first, gently moving his fingers through Eddie's soft hair.

"I'm gonna leave this town," Richie says, trying to be firm, though his voice comes out shaky instead.

"I know you are."

“You gonna come with me? When I do?” Richie asks, and Eddie giggles.

“Don’t be stupid, Rich-”

“I’m not kidding,” Richie says, all playfulness devoid from his voice. “You honestly think I’d leave you here? Everyone who stays in Derry rots in Derry. I’m not letting it happen to you.” Eddie searches his eyes, looking for some evidence that Richie is pulling his leg. He won’t find it. Richie isn’t joking. Richie would never joke when it comes to getting out of here, when it comes to getting Eddie out of here.

“Yea, Rich. I’ll come.” Eddie says, and his voice is confident, not a hint of uncertainty left in it. Eddie lets his face fall back into Richie’s shoulder. Richie settles in, and the feeling of home is almost overwhelming. He doesn’t give a shit where they go when they do. It’s always going to feel like this, safe like this. He’s sure of it.

“I love you too, you know.” Richie says, because he can. Because he’s with Eddie, his Eddie. Everything might not be peachy, but it’s Derry. You’ve got to be out of your mind to think that things would ever be *peachy*. But here? he thinks things have to got to be pretty damn close.

“I know you do.”

“Don’t call me Rich.” He gets a smack on the head for that one, but Eddie kisses him after, so he counts it as a win.